Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where wee watcht,
Ham Did you not ſpeake to it?
Nora. My Lord I did,
But anſwer made it none, yet once mee thought
It lifted vp it head and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion, like as it would ſpeake:
But euen then the morning Cock crew loude,
And at the ſound it ſhruncke in haſt away
And vaniſht from our ſight.
Ham. Tis very ſtrange.
Hora. As I doe liue my honord Lord tis true
And wee did thinke it writ downe in our duety
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeede ſirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?
All. Wee doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd ſay you?
All. Arm'd my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My Lord from head to foott.
Ham Then ſaw you not his face?
Hora. O yes my Lord, hee wore his beauer vp.
Ham. What look't hee frowningly?
Hora. A countenance more in ſorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hora. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Hora. Moſt conſtantly,
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hora. It would haue much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, ſtaid it long?
Hora. While one with moderate haſt might tell a hundreth,
Both. Longer, longer.
Hora. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His beard was griſs'ld, no.
Hora. It was as I haue ſeene it in his life
A ſable ſiluer'd.

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance twill walke againe.
Hora. I warn't it will
Ham. If it aſſume my noble fa
Ile ſpeake to it though hell it ſelf
And bid mee ho'd my peace; I p
If you haue hetherto concealed t
Let it be tenable in your ſilence
And what what ſoeuer els ſhall h
Giue it an vnderſtanding but no
I will requite your loues, ſo fare
Vpon the platforme twixt a leau
Ile viſit you.
All Our duety to your hom
Ham. Your loues as mine to
My fathers ſpirit (in armes) all is
I doubt ſome foule play, would t
Till then ſit ſtill my ſoule, foule d
Though all the earth ore-whelme
Enter Laertes an
Laer. My neceſſaries are inba
And ſifter as the winds giue bene
And conuay, in aſſiſtant do not fle
But let me heare from you.
Ophe. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet* and the trif
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in bl
A Violet in the youth of primy na
Forward, not permanent, ſweet,
The perfume and ſuppliance of a
No more.
Ophe, Mo more but ſo.
Laer Thinke it no more.
For nature creſſant does not gro
In thewes and bulkes, but as this
The inward ſeruice of the mind ſe
Growes wide withall, perhaps he
Ane now no ſoyle nor cautell dot
The vertue of his will, but you'm

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